The Saturday Review of Literature

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"'In spite of its length, the book moves swiftly and smoothly—a three-decker with all sails set.' Now, ten months after publication, it still goes riding on."

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The Pulitzer Prize Winners

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

Fiction:
Margaret Mitchell for "Gone With the Wind"

Drama:
George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart
for "You Can't Take it With You"

Poetry:
Robert Frost for "A Further Range"

Biography:
Allan Nevins for "Hamilton Fish"

History:
Van Wyck Brooks for "The Flowering of New England"

White Studio

GEORGE S. KAUFMAN AND MOSS HART

AT least ninety percent of the guests, when they gathered Monday evening for the banquet known as the "Pulitzer Prize Dinner and Dress Rehearsal for the 25th Anniversary Year of the Graduate School of Journalism of Columbia University" did not know who had received the prizes in letters, and something like eighty-seven and a half percent did not care. The secrecy which shrouds the awards had lifted sufficiently to enable at least two publishing houses (whose authors were among the winners) to attend in force, though one of them had misconstrued the tip it received and was sketching out a campaign for the wrong book. Anyone who cares to regard that misunderstanding as symbolic of what has happened to the last will and testament of Joseph Pulitzer will encounter no opposition from this magazine, whose representative went to the banquet without the information which one of its competitors had apparently possessed since one o'clock in the afternoon.

Literature seemed to be on sufferance in the Biltmore. In the lobby, the bar, and the banquet hall there was brisk talk about advertising and some searching discussions of the value to the business office of the awards which were presently to be announced. There was a much brisker laying of bets, practically all of them on the fiction prize. A conviction that Columbia would not betray the people's judgment was running strong or else the fiction award was first through the leak, for "Gone With the Wind" was an odds-on favorite and you could buy "The Big Money" or "A World I Never Made" at gift prices. It was generally admitted that to back the art of fiction would be quixotic. But even such faintly literary discussion as this was exceptional, being confined to those definitely associated with the publishing and editorial castes. The main business of the evening was to commemorate twenty-five years of instruction in journalism at Columbia; there was a general feeling that if the University wanted to extend a helping hand to the arts it might be allowed the privilege of eccentricity but there was no point in stressing it. One alumnus was heard to inquire who Robert Frost was. He was answered by a member of a profession whose business is the dispersion of information, but it may be assumed that he knew who Margaret Mitchell is.

Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler read the awards in journalism first, and the audience received these with a lively and critical professional interest. This interest lapsed to profound apathy when he came to the awards in letters, and the contemplative mind may well find that apathy also symbolic of the Pulitzer Prizes and where they stand today in public esteem. Two of them were thoroughly sound and beyond cavil—and would have been even if the word "best" in the terms set by the Pulitzer will had not been altered to the word "distinguished," which saves argument and ought to protect the various committees from derision. Mr. Frost is so clearly the foremost poet of his generation and "A Further Range" is so clearly the most distinguished volume of poetry of the year that no objection can possibly be voiced. Mr. Nevins had closer competition during the year than Mr. Frost had, but his book too is clearly first-rate and thoroughly entitled to the prize. The awards in poetry and biography, in fact, have usually been much less debatable than those in the other fields.

The other awards, this year, may be described as popular and safe. One is glad to have the talent of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks recognized and to see a prize awarded to the brilliant and beautiful "Flowering of New England." As an award in history, however, it is odd to the verge of queerness. Mr. Brooks's is by far the most subjective and the most speculative book that has ever received the history prize. "You Can't Take It With You" is the most diverting piece of the year in the New York theater, and this is a year when, by common consent, the New York theater has been below par, whatever modest valuation may be assigned to par. Mr. Maxwell Anderson cannot be designated every year and his "High Tor" had, besides, already received the Critics' Award for 1937. In the absence of any really distinguished play, it is probably best to give the prize, as the committee did, to expert entertainment. "Gone With the Wind" was, of course, a natural, and if the prize had gone to any other novel something like an uprising might have occurred. Nevertheless, the year, by no means an extraordinary one, has seen the publication of novels that are obviously superior. Here, as in history and drama, the Pulitzer committees have played it safe.

Next Week

BUGLES BLOW NO MORE
By CLIFFORD DOWDEN
Reviewed by Stephen Vincent Benét

THE PRETENDER
By LION FEUCHTWANGER
Reviewed by Fletcher Pratt

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VAN WYCK BROOKS

The History Award

THE FLOWERING OF NEW ENGLAND. By Van Wyck Brooks. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Van Wyck Brooks, associate editor of the *Freeman* until that brilliantly edited journal passed out of existence in 1924, has long been recognized as one of the leading critics of America. He himself has defined criticism as "the intellectual study of origins and relatives," a conception of the art which he has embodied in this volume. Reviewing it in the *Saturday Review* for August 22, 1936, Henry Seidel Canby said: "Mr. Brooks is not writing history in any of its usual techniques. He is dealing with a culture, and never forgets that a culture is a complex . . . No one else is doing, or can do, what Mr. Brooks has done here for New England." *The Saturday Review* printed two chapters from "The Flowering of New England" before the book was published.

The Biography Award

HAMILTON FISH: THE INNER HISTORY OF THE GRANT ADMINISTRATION. By Allan Nevins. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Allan Nevins, journalist, author, and professor of American history at Columbia University, carries off the Pulitzer Prize for biography for the second time with this life of Grant's Secretary of State. Like his "Grover Cleveland" which won the earlier award, the present book is more than the study of a man; it is an illuminating and penetrating record of a period. "Professor Nevins," said Dexter Perkins in his review of the volume in *The Saturday Review* for October 31, 1936, "is that none too common phenomenon, a professional historian, yes, even an academician, who knows how to write; his book is no work for specialists, though specialists can profit from it; it is sure to be read with pleasure by those whose interest in history is less esoteric."

The Poetry Award

A FURTHER RANGE. By Robert Frost. Henry Holt & Co.

Born in San Francisco, Robert Frost is the most New England of poets. Something of the granite and the simplicity of his loved New Hampshire and Vermont has passed into his verse. Of his work he has said "A complete poem is one where an emotion has found its thought and the thought has found the words." That is as accurate a description of Mr. Frost's art as could be made. Writing of the prize-winning "A Further Range" in the *Saturday Review* for May 30, 1936, William Rose Benét said: "It is better worth reading than nine-tenths of the books that will come your way this year. In a time when all kinds of insanity are assailing the nations it is good to listen to this quiet humor."

The Fiction Award

GONE WITH THE WIND. By Margaret Mitchell. The Macmillan Company.

"A tiny woman sitting on a divan, and beside her the biggest manuscript I have ever seen towering in two stacks almost up to her shoulders," says Margaret Mitchell's publisher of her and her manuscript of "Gone With the Wind" as they confronted him in an Atlanta hotel. But however diminutive Miss Mitchell—in private life Mrs. John R. Marsh—

ROBERT FROST

ALLAN NEVINS

may be, her book has broken all records for size, its sales having passed the one million three hundred thousand mark. Stephen Vincent Benét, in his review of the book in the *Saturday Review* for July 4, 1936, said: "We have had other novels of the Civil War by women . . . but I don't know of any other in which the interest is so consistently centered, not upon the armies and the battles, the flags and the famous names, but upon that other world of women who heard the storm, waited it out, succumbed to it or rebuilt after it." And he added "Miss Mitchell paints a broad canvas, and an exciting one. And, in spite of its length, the book moves swiftly and smoothly—a three-decker with all sails set." Now, ten months after publication, it still goes riding on.

The Drama Award

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU. By George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart. Farrar & Rinehart.

George S. Kaufman, playwright, collaborator, show doctor since 1920, shared a Pulitzer Prize in 1932 with Morrie Ryskind and Ira Gershwin for "Of Thee I Sing." "You Can't Take It With You" is the third collaboration between Kaufman and Moss Hart—their first was the Hollywood satire, "Once in a Lifetime." Moss Hart, born in New York in 1904, wrote his first play, "Holdup Man," at nineteen. He has collaborated in numerous plays and musical comedies. George Jean Nathan reviews "You Can't Take It With You" on page 19 of this issue. He calls it "superior fooling . . . The authors have . . . fabricated . . . something thoroughly amusing and at the same time something winningly tender."

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Man Talking

PEDLAR'S PROGRESS. By Odell Shepard. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1937. $3.75.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

BRONSON ALCOTT, Connecticut farmer's son, Yankee peddler, schoolmaster, and peregrinating philosopher, is a challenge to American biography. He has supplied by-lines and paragraphs for the smart debunkers of the last decade. He has been called the vacuous father of the Little Women, the windy exhalation of a foolish idealism, the final and perfect example of the man talking whom the man doing has happily extirpated from America; a selfish fool, a dreaming parasite upon a half-starved family—all this and more has been said of him.

And yet even the most casual readers of the literature of the Golden Age of New England knew that there was something wrong here. Emerson (who was nobody's fool) called Alcott's mind "the best instrument I have ever met with," in spite of its errors to be allowed for. Thoreau, who recognized his indefiniteness, called him "the sanest man I ever knew," high praise from that lover of the concrete. "With Alcott almost alone," he said, "is it possible to put institutions behind us. Every other man owns some stock in this or that one, and will not forget it."

None of the books written upon the Alcotts has explained the riddle of an important influence upon American thought become a symbol of intellectual futility. Professor Odell Shepard, perhaps because he has read the five million words of the unpublished Journal, has succeeded. His book is not perfect. Alcott's unhappy style, sententious, involved, abstract, has had its reaction on Mr. Shepard's own style, which is sometimes inflated, though often also excellent; and the diffuseness of the master is reflected in a diffuseness of the biographer, who is often annoyingly repetitious in his writing as Alcott always was in conversation. But this is a real biography. Interpretation may differ, but the difficult job has been done.

The secret of the Alcott paradox is, of course, an open secret, which would have been read long ago save for the unhappy accident which gave Alcott a better voice than pen. His influence was oral, and no influence is harder to trace and define. He left a memory of Conversations, but he wrote no important books. And the cause in which he labored was to suffer at least three quarters of a century of defeat. Add to this personal peculiarities almost notorious. Handsome, ethereal, with a lovely voice, he nevertheless could be a most trying person in a material world. It is not enough to say that he had no sense of money; it would be more honest to state that he believed the world owed a living to a mind which gave it ideas that money could not buy. Hence owing never troubled him, and he always owed. It is an error, which Professor Shepard has demolished, to believe that he lived upon the unwilling drudgery of his wife. She was committed wholeheartedly to his idealism, as convinced as he was of his mission. Nevertheless a man who arrived intuitively at the essence of the German idealistic philosophy, who worked out for himself in the Connecticut hills an educational theory substantially identical with Pestalozzi's, who could not understand Shakespeare yet was ready to legislate for America, who could live on bread and apple sauce and yet give no thought to where they came from—such a man was bound to become a legend, and not necessarily a pleasant one.

Alcott had two ruling ideas, of which one at least he pushed beyond where his most transcendental friends could follow him. He believed in what he called Personalism: that evolution was from the spirit down through man to nature, and that by intuition man could recover the obscured significance of his life. He was an idealist *à outrance*, a believer that somehow good was to be found in everyone, and was the sole defense against evil. Thus instead of regarding children as annoying animals to be disciplined, he drew out their minds, a process apparently so successful by comparison with the barbarous education of the time, that if he had not unhappily referred to the pains of birth in a Boston where the young were not supposed to know that they had been born in a physical sense at all, he might have revolutionized American education. Thus also, he put himself without reservations in the ranks of those protestors who have in every American generation fought money-making, exploitation, economic imperialism—maintaining in life and speech that how one lived was more important than making a living. Poor fellow, he never made a living and though he often lived on bread alone was more dependent upon spiritual nourishment. But in this, says Shepard and rightly, he was quite as American as the John Rockefellers and the Carnegies. It has always been hard for poverty to get a hearing in America, easy for material success. The immense spiritual energy accumulated in Calvinist New England and set free when, in the ameliorations of the early 1800s, thousands of earnest souls decided that man was born to be perfect rather than, save for grace, to be damned, was a correspondence as much as a contrast to the immense energy of will to power which accompanied the conquest of a continent. The strong belief that the Americans were a chosen people destined to teach the world that a spiritual society was possible is only the obverse of the faith in a manifest destiny of riches, power, and material comfort for every man. Professor Shepard points out this dualism in his first chapter, and rightly says that Alcott was as true to the American type as Daniel Boone. If the philosophy of his book is in error, it is in not carrying through this correspondence. In the attempt to defend Alcott and all protagonists of idealism against the triumphant materialism of the American nineteenth century, he is less perceptive than Santayana who, in his "Character and Opinion in the United States," justly asserts that both the certainty of ideal solutions and the confidence in material achievement are symptoms of youth. Neither Emerson nor Edison gave the final word for America.

Yet it is clear from this biography that the strength of the word of this tall dreamer, Alcott, has been much underestimated. He talked too much, but no one who heard him, child or philosopher, went away unimpressed. Emerson's pioneer

BRONSON ALCOTT'S SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY *Bernard DeVoto*

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book "Nature" owed much to him. Thoreau's "Walden" is enriched by his ideas of the correspondences between man and nature, at least as much as by the Hindu Scriptures. The list of his pupils and associates who powerfully influenced America is impressive. If truth is relative and all systems wrong in so far as they are systems, then there is much to be said for man talking, when the talker's genius turns his ruling ideas back and forward in the light until all manner of men may get a flash which is true for them. This is what Alcott did.

Professor Shepard's book is rich and cannot be gutted in a review. His account of how the Englishman Lane's uncompromising determination to separate Alcott from his family ruined the Fruitlands experiment is as valuable as it is interesting. Fruitlands was not a failure: it was the shock of conflict between a foreign communistic ideology and the rooted American belief in the family and the individual. His study of the strange assemblage at Alcott house in England, where the struggle began, is a new contribution. He is the first to make Mrs. Alcott intelligible, as well as the first to explain the contradictions of Alcott's career. The selections from Alcott's Journal which he proposes to publish later may confirm what this biography upholds so stoutly, that this New Englander, who had faith in the West, and who cared more for the right guidance of children than for a million dollars, is close to the heart of the American experiment. He had good will in his heart, and if transcendentalism fanned it into a cloudy edifice which seems shapeless beside the railroads, the steel buildings, the factories of America's expansion, nevertheless (and I draw from Santayana again) it is more impressive in its answer to the ill will of European fanatics than material might.

Bill White's Emporium

FORTY YEARS ON MAIN STREET. By William Allen White. Compiled by Russell H. Fitzgibbon from the columns of the Emporia Gazette. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

HERE is a book which can be read as a spiritual autobiography, a history of Emporia, Kansas, or a history of the United States; but any old newspaperman is likely to read it chiefly for selfish pleasure, the delight that comes from so many specimens of first-rate editorial writing. Mr. Fitzgibbon deserves compliments for his excellent job of selection, but however many newspaper columns he had to read to pick out four hundred book pages, he must have got a lot of fun out of it.

Whatever you are looking for, you are likely to find it in the writings of a man who, as Mr. Clough observes, "has pointed out flaws in the League of Nations in the same column with a vigorous attack on women who serve gray gravy." Tributes to home-town folks, departing for the graveyard or Los Angeles; such long character studies as the famous obituary editorial on Mary White, or the less known but almost equally thorough one on the Negro Tom Williams; derisive comment on fads of the moment; and such astonishing pieces of insight as the remark, in an editorial written in 1895, that "western Kansas is a dead failure for everything except the herd." Or for that matter the description of Coolidge, in 1926, as "a tremendous shock absorber. His emotionless attitude is an anesthetic to a possible national conviction of sin which must come before a genuine repentance."

Or (when you once get started quoting, it is hard to stop) his observation that "there is no longer anything absolutely mine or thine; some of it all is ours. Government is rapidly assuming the part of guardian of the weak against the strong." This was indeed written during the Roosevelt administration, but it may surprise the young to learn that it dates from the Theodore Roosevelt administration, in 1906. By that time White had, as he puts it, gone down the road to Damascus and seen a light to which most of the American people remained blind for another quarter of a century.

For one aspect of the book, of course, is the history of the development of a liberal out of what started as a Mark Hanna conservative. A decade ago White said that the best American trait was intelligent discontent, "and," adds Mr. Fitzgibbon, "he splendidly typifies that trait himself." But till Theodore Roosevelt came to him in the street called Straight he was pretty well contented with anything done by the Republican party. No remarks of a reviewer on this change of heart could be as pungent as his own footnotes, comments by the White of today on the various Whites of the past. Of a couple of editorials on the Spanish War, which were certainly big stuff in 1898, he says now: "This is terrible and the one on the next page is about as bad." But he did not have to wait forty years for a change of heart about "What's the Matter with Kansas?"

This is not only, as the compiler observes, one of the most noted editorials that White ever wrote; it is one of the most noted editorials anybody ever wrote—and he wrote it to fill a hole in the page, when he was in a hurry to catch a train. As a piece of writing it is still something that any old editorial writer must stand up and salute; but it needed only ten years and a few doses of Theodore Roosevelt to make White take it all back. In 1906, commenting on a remark of Carnegie's that the rights of the users had now become paramount to those of the owners, White recalled "What's the Matter with Kansas?" and its consequences, thus:

> If the *Gazette* had not guyed the Populist candidate for Chief Justice for telling the truth, the *Gazette* would have been printed in a little 20 x 60 office on Sixth Avenue, about two jumps ahead of the Sheriff. The *Gazette* and Andrew were wrong in those days and Judge Doster was right. But he was out too early in the season and his views got frostbitten.

It is not the happy fate of every man to make his fortune out of something that looks like tripe to him ten years later.

And it must not be forgotten that this

STAFF OF THE *EMPORIA GAZETTE*, 1935
William Allen White (wearing a hat) stands in the center.

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reformed White who writes the footnotes is subject to a curious form of amnesia which comes over him in the spring of every presidential year, and blots out all that has happened since 1896. Left without conscious guidance, his feet automatically carry him right back home to where he came from; his hands that have touched the stars curl instinctively round the rope of the old church bell and begin to sound the tocsin. But in the three and a half years out of every four when America is not in peril, White sees with amazing clarity what America is; or at any rate what it ought to be, what we hope it is, at least *in posse*.

In the famous "To an Anxious Friend," written in 1922, he said: "You can have no wise laws nor free enforcement of wise laws unless there is free expression of the wisdom of the people—and, alas, their folly with it. But if there is freedom, folly will die of its own poison, and the wisdom will survive." This to the fascist is a stumbling block, and to the communist foolishness; and we cannot be as sure that it is right as we may be that the communist and the fascist are both wrong. But America, if it was not founded on that theory, has at least been conducted on that theory (not always honored in practice) since 1800. If the theory is mistaken, then America was a mistake too.

Spanish Diagnosis

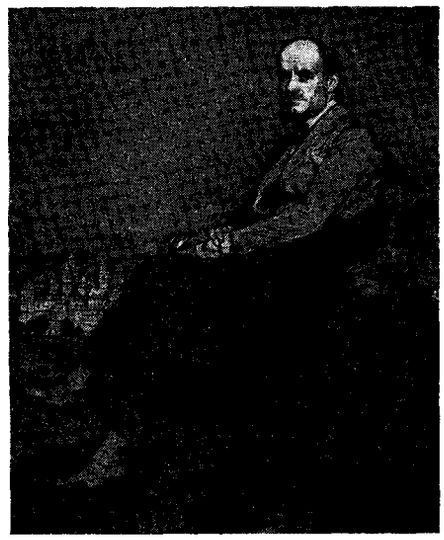
INVERTEBRATE SPAIN. By José Ortega y Gasset. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1937. $2.75.

Reviewed by GILBERT CHASE

WHILE José Ortega y Gasset is best known to the American public as the author of "The Revolt of the Masses," which sold widely here a few years ago, students of Hispanic culture have long been familiar with his brilliant and penetrating analysis of Spanish history and character entitled "España Invertebrada," which now makes its appearance in a tardy but timely English translation. It should be remarked that only the first three essays in the present volume are taken from the original work called "España Invertebrada." The remaining nine essays have been selected by the translator from various other books by Ortega. But nearly all are variations on the theme of Spain, though some, such as those "On Fascism" and "Against the Economic Interpretation of History," range further afield.

The title of the book is derived from the following thesis:

> In a nation, when the mass refuses to be a mass—that is to say, when it refuses to follow the directing minority—the nation goes to pieces, society is dismembered, and chaos results. The people as a people are disarticulated and become invertebrate. In Spain we are now living in the midst of an extreme case of this historical invertebration.



JOSÉ ORTEGA Y GASSET
From a portrait by Zuloaga.

In Spain, individualism has been exaggerated into anarchy. The problem is further complicated by the fact that this exaggerated individualism also manifests collectively in the various social groups:

> Each group lives hermetically sealed within itself. It feels not the slightest curiosity about what happens to its fellow groups. Spain is today not so much a nation as a series of water-tight compartments.

In this extreme form of class particularism, Ortega sees the chief cause of the disasters which have overtaken Spain.

For, as a result of this "atrocious particularism," whereby each social group lives only in and for itself, it follows that "the only form of public activity which really satisfies every class is the immediate imposition of their sovereign will. In short, direct action." Imagine a dozen different social groups simultaneously attempting "the immediate imposition of their sovereign will" by means of "direct action," and the result will be a bitter and relentless struggle such as we are now witnessing in Spain.

Señor Ortega does not subscribe to the commonly-held theory of Spanish "decadence." For him, there is no decadence in modern Spain, because he does not believe there was ever any real national soundness. True, for one glorious moment of Spanish history, the dominant will of Castile succeeded in gathering together the splendid energy of Spain and throwing it outward in a tremendous movement of expansion. But the mere expenditure of energy, while it might serve as a powerful means of unification and expansion, could not serve as the permanent basis for a healthy national existence. "Energy, effort, by itself and without the guidance of an idea, is an untamed force, a blind anxiety which hits out endlessly in all directions." Does not this definition go far toward explaining the nature of the futile conflict that is being waged in Spain?

Historic Drama

THE DREYFUS CASE. By the Man Alfred Dreyfus and His Son Pierre Dreyfus. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1937. $3.75.

ZOLA AND THE DREYFUS CASE. By Lee M. Friedman. Boston: The Beacon Press. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by ISAAC GOLDBERG

FATE, said Echegaray, who shared the Nobel Prize in Literature with Frederic Mistral thirty-three years ago, is the best playwright. And that wise potentate, the Mikado (Gilbert and Sullivan style), still observes that virtue is triumphant over vice only in theatrical performances. Well, the drama of Alfred Dreyfus is one of the most successful of Fate's productions; it provides, too, a happy exception to the Mikado's dictum. Had a mere author written this tale he would have been accused of having tampered with probability to furnish a happy ending.

The story of the Dreyfus affair possesses almost every element of melodrama: false accusation motivated by political expediency and racial hatred; hope deferred; unshaken loyalty of wife and family; forged documents; suicide; persecution to the verge of insanity; determination to live and clear a sullied name; at last a pardon that refuses to remove the stain from that name; a long fight that ends in complete revindication of station and honor. The events compose a graph of steadily mounting excitement framed between two ceremonies: the day on which Dreyfus's uniform was virtually torn from his back, and the day on which his sword and his uniform were restored to him with the apologies of a nation.

Pierre Dreyfus has produced a detailed and a conscientious book, free from melodramatics and most restrained when speaking of the salient anti-Dreyfusards. It is a dignified performance, and one rendered touchingly human by the letters that were exchanged between Mme. Dreyfus and her husband. It is good to have so many of them; they remind us of the humble flesh-and-blood realities that tend to be obscured by the dust of political and racial controversy. In addition to photographs of the hero at the time of the affair and thirty years later, the book contains several interesting reproductions of documents.

From the standpoint of illustrative matter, however, Mr. Friedman's brief account of Zola's association with the affair is fuller. It has more than twenty reproductions — cartoons, photographs, documents, one in full color—taken from the author's large collection of Dreyfusiana. Mr. Friedman, a distinguished lawyer and collector of Boston, includes also a hitherto unpublished letter from Zola to Vaughan of the *Aurore*, which printed the famous communcation that Clemenceau named "J'Accuse!"

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Nymph

APPLE blossoms break out across the countryside, the hylas have spoken for the third straight night, the whippoorwills complain from hill to hill, and the young gentleman from New Haven, Cambridge, Princeton, and the lesser elms is in town for a day to choose among his opportunities. If an oblique question in his eye tarnishes his nonchalance when he gets to this office, one learns that it has to do with a marked copy of the *Advocate*, the *Lit*, or the *Nassau Lit* which he sent us last December. He explains that if he dealt with *The Saturday Review* severely in that editorial, it was because only for *The Saturday Review* can he feel any hope at all. We can be plucked from the burning, but for our competitors, all of them, there is left only a folding of the hands for sleep.

He lectures. To begin with, we should double our size: literary leadership can not be exercised in less than sixty pages. Reviews must be longer; we must give reviewers space to bring the eternities in. But first a more fundamental reform must be made; he finds our reviewers without exception stodgy, uneducated, and timorous, and he would sweep them all out clean. Literary articles are, of course, an essential, but we should publish better ones than we do and we should run at least three a week. A number of new departments must be established at once, one to keep in touch with the college magazines, one to appraise the coteries, one devoted to the art of the unconscious mind. Four pages of poetry would be about right, but nothing can be expected from any living poets except the very youngest and we must publish only those who have gone beyond Day Lewis. Our advertisers must be rigorously censored and as soon as possible it will be well to dispense with advertising altogether.

After another cigarette he discusses his relationship to all this. He will be in New York next September and it will take him some months to establish himself. His novel (inquiry reveals that it is to combine the methods of "Men of Good Will" and "Work in Progress") may not sell more than seven or eight thousand, and he can expect little remuneration for his poetry. Frankly, he must for a time support himself by writing articles for such magazines as *Harper's* . . . and running one of our departments would not trespass on his novel and he will be able to review three or four books a week.

The intrepidity and the informed knowledge that our reviewers lack is thus offered to us. He willingly answers questions. Thus, it would be a service to literature and a kindness to Mr. Hemingway if the Hemingway myth were to be done away with now, once and for all. The Thomas Mann cult is a vast reservoir of sentimentality, and in these desperate days it is our duty to root out the sentimental. Mr. MacLeish has too long impeded the progress of poetry and, for his part, our young man would be willing to slay Mr. MacLeish. Dos Passos?—a bungler. Lewis?—a bestseller. Robert Frost?—a Victorian. The only form of fiction competent for the new order is the group novel, and poetry must be stamped from steel like the machines it must deal with. Where then shall we look for the meritorious?—a grave, sad smile, an explanation that, candidly, there is none now, but the newness is about ready to begin. So he leaves, but first he acknowledges that, though primarily interested in poetry and fiction, he knows something about economics, history, metaphysics, the fine arts, and psychology. If something like Spengler comes in, for instance, or when Dr. Freud publishes another book. . . .

Thus the nymph or pre-adult stage of the literary person. He and the hylas trouble the heart these spring days, stirring a fragrance of other springs. There is nothing you can tell him for you cannot speak on any wave-length he can tune to. Intrepidity of thought, oh, yes, Lord! but like cleverness it is a dime a dozen, and what we are in the market for is a costlier and rarer thing: skill in the fingers and judgment that has tanned in a lowlier pickle than the *Advocate* or the *Lit*. You cannot make that carry through to him, and you cannot tell him that writers are made not by appointment but by election. You cannot tell him that of ten like him there will be only one left by September, of fifty but one left two years from now, and of a hundred hardly one whose blend of Joyce and Romains will ever see print. You cannot make clear that of the survived one-hundredths something less than half will ever make moderately good reading.

What is inconceivable to him is the bitter fact of apprenticeship. Except when he is an accident, the biological aberration so rare that it seems monstrous, he will not be able to write readable prose till he is thirty or have anything to say in it till he is thirty-five. After ten years of writing sentences for some hours a day he may be able to construct them well enough so that only one rewriting will do, so that they say what he means them to and give the reader a small dividend of pleasure as well. After publishing a half-dozen books that sell between five hundred and fifteen hundred copies, he may have learned enough craftsmanship so that he can plausibly count on the next one's selling seven or eight thousand if luck is on his side.

By the time he has acquired skill he should also have lost his certainties and so have become eligible for reviewing. The trouble with the young reviewer is ignorance of how a thing is done, for which there is no help but the experience of doing it, and a habit of final judgment. He has the ruthlessness of the untested and his college press condemns the best work of the day with a finality that the Miltonic deity refrained from after the wars in heaven. He worships the principle, he has no pity for the workman. College has given him a sackful of principles but he has written no books. He knows what a writer ought to have done and how he ought to have done it, but he has no conception of the possible and allows nothing for the grain and cell-structure of the medium, the viscosity of the material, or the limitations of the tools. He has been schooled in abstractions deduced from traditional classics on the one hand and from the preciosities of the most advanced art of the moment on the other, and he has never learned that books are written as needs must. He has the intolerance common to all idolators of the ideal; he has not had to forgo perfection in order to write a book. He has—sometimes—read widely but he has not read deeply; he has written cleverly and intrepidly but he has never faced the need of writing well.

There is no definition of skill: it is, simply, something that comes after many repetitions of an act for which you have some natural ability. Still less is there a definition of judgment: it is something that comes, rather later than skill, from intelligently associating the specific instance with what you have intelligently learned from and about a good many other specific instances. Skill and judgment do not come in matched sets, and they are not born of a miracle. A benign fortune may have endowed the young literary person with everything else that makes for excellence, but he must get these for himself. He has made the first step when he realizes that they do not come easily, but it is the first step that ninety and nine never take. Writing, they have always thought, is easy, for they have always written easily. Why not?—they are gifted, they have a natural ease, a natural brilliance. So the ninety and nine drift off into circumstance and other inspirations—"I am willing," one of them writes, "even to do office work." The hundredth has made his start when he has at last recognized that it is harder than he thinks.

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Letters to the Editor: *"The Little Lady of the Big War"*

Myrta Lockett Avary

SIR:—There is a story going the rounds in Margaret Mitchell's home town of Atlanta about a certain copy of "Gone With the Wind," and an inscription in it. The story suggests Lincoln's accolade to Mrs. Stowe as the little lady who started the big war, and is none the less worthy of preservation in American literary history. When "Gone With the Wind" was first published, and a tea was given by an Atlanta bookstore for the local but not yet famous author, she sent a copy of her book and the roses from the tea table to a little lady of eighty who, invited to be an honored guest at the party, was confined by illness to her home. The inscription in that copy of "Gone With the Wind" reads

> For
> Myrta Lockett Avary, who broke the trail for writers like me. For without you and your books, this book would never have been written.
> With much love,
> Margaret Mitchell.

The little lady whom Miss Mitchell thus saluted happens to be a friend of the Mitchell family, but it was not family friendship that inspired that inscription. The inscription acknowledges a debt owed by a young writer to an older one, and owed not alone by Margaret Mitchell. For there is probably no present-day writer on the South after the war who is not indebted, directly or indirectly, to Mrs. Avary. She was a trail-breaker who opened a rich land of literary opportunity to a generation that no matter how familiar with conditions produced by the Civil War was amazingly lacking in understanding of them.

Born Myrta Lockett, in Virginia (December 7, 1857), Mrs. Avary went after some years of married life in Atlanta to New York to do sociological research and literary work. She wrote stories on tenement life, character sketches from the settlement houses, articles on the work of metropolitan charities. She interviewed celebrities. She helped Dr. Offord edit the collected sermons of Dr. DeWitt Talmage. And out of the recollections of her friend Mrs. Joseph Van Holt Nash and of her own faint memories of the Civil War she built her first book, and her only novel, "A Virginia Girl."

D. Appleton and Company accepted the manuscript but wished the book to appear as fact, not fiction. It appeared in 1903 as "A Virginia Girl in the Civil War, 1861-1865: Being a record of the actual experiences of the wife of a Confederate officer," collected and edited by Myrta Lockett Avary. But the book was as much fiction as "Gone With the Wind" is—and as much history. It is also partly a biography, and partly an autobiography.

And it proved a success, reissued at various times until 1917. G. W. Cable had written romantically of the South and the war. Mary Johnston was beginning

"I THINK HE'S HAD AN OFFER FROM HEARST."

to. But Mrs. Avary wrote realistically, created a heroine without bitterness, and presented Northern soldiers who were as gentlemanly, as chivalrous as were her Southern heroes. And her book is pervaded with the spirit of reconciliation that Lincoln and some Southerners had urged, but that few, North or South, had been willing to practise.

By 1903 reason and common sense were beginning to prevail in the South, however. The unsentimental, unromantic, but devoted and appreciative point of view of Myrta Lockett Avary was not considered by Southern people either in bad taste or an insult to the memory of their honored dead. Rather, the success of "A Virginia Girl" justified the publication of the wartime journal of Mrs. Mary Boykin Chestnut of South Carolina whose husband, one time United States Senator, was an aide to President Davis and a Brigadier General in the Confederate Army. This diary, kept from day to day throughout the war, is filled with vivid pictures of the uninterrupted social life, of the pressing economic conditions, and of the morale of a people confronted with defeat. In publishing "A Diary from Dixie" in 1905 (reprinted 1929), Mrs. Avary, the editor and the author of an excellent introduction, gave to posterity an enduring classic.

And immediately there were rivals to "A Diary from Dixie," to share the popularity it enjoyed as a successor to "A Virginia Girl." A large number of very good diaries and journals appeared to have been kept by Southern women. Among the best of those published at this time were Mrs. Pryor's "Reminscences of Peace and War" (1904), Mrs. Clay-Clopton's "Belle of the Fifties" (1905), and Miss Andrews's "Wartime Journal of a Georgia Girl" (1908). From various other such journals, and from similar sources, Mrs. Avary herself compiled "Dixie After the War" (1906).

The New York *Sun* called "Dixie After the War" a book "that enables Americans to understand one another better." The Chicago *Dial* greeted it as the first book on Reconstruction by a woman, the first comprehensive treatment of the subject by any writer. It remains one of the best. "An Exposition of Social Conditions Existing in the South During the Twelve Years Succeeding the Fall of Richmond" the subtitle reads. The book reveals what the Southern people—white and black—were saying and thinking, doing, eating, and wearing in those terrible years.

And at eighty Mrs. Avary has ample proof that her work has been appreciated. Hardly one of the leaders among Northern writers on the South has failed to consult her writings. Gamaliel Bradford borrowed heavily from her account of Stephens for his portrait (in "Confederate Portraits," 1914); Joseph Hergesheimer, in "Swords and Roses" (1929), quotes as history—with due credit—Mrs. Avary's imagined account (from "A Virginia Girl") of a meeting with Belle Boyd, the spy. "Dixie After the War" heads the bibliography to W. L. Fleming's as authoritative "Documentary History of Reconstruction" (1907) and W. E. Woodward made good, and acknowledged, use of it in writing "Meet General Grant" (1928).

AUBREY STARKE.

Centralia, Ill.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Retreat

I SAW a broken soldier in the West
With antique tricorne hat pulled forward low,
His poor old shoulders hunched, his chin on chest
And belt and sabre sagged. I saw him go
Reeling and tottering, but still he pressed
In one direction only. Driven so,
A left, a right, mechanical, possessed,
The Guard retreated in the Russian snow.

I looked again: my veteran was gone
Across the frozen wilderness of space,
But somewhere he slogs desperately on
Limping, and accoutrement awry,
Like Napoleon's marshals in disgrace—
Orion, that great straggler of the sky.

Turbary

The Knothole, April

I was declaiming a sonnet to myself, to see if it had a good sound (and it's easy to fool yourself: one's own voice is so agreeable to himself when we are alone; but I wish something could be done about English pronouns) when I noticed that I was disturbing a robin who is building her nest in the grape arbor just outside this window.

No matter where you go in this exciting world you interrupt somebody; or vice versa.

I discovered in Webster the delightful word *turbary*, which means the right to dig turf on someone else's land.

With the present controversy going on in this *Review* I'm almost afraid to mention Shakespeare: but I was naturally pleased to find Professor Schelling (*Shakespeare Biography*, Univ. of Penna. Press) saying that "the strangest book in any Shakespeare library is one entitled *Select Observations on English Bodies of Eminent Persons in Desperate Diseases*, 1679, by Mr. John Hall, Physician." Mr. Hall was Shakespeare's son-in-law; for his wife, Shakespeare's daughter, his most successful prescription was "a pint of sack made hot." Last autumn I had a chance to persuade the Library of Duke University to buy a copy of this rare book. The date of the Duke University copy, however, is 1657.

All this public discussion whether the various universities will or will not send delegates to the 200th anniversary of Göttingen seems to me wretchedly bad manners. If they don't wish to be represented let them say no and keep quiet about it. I can't help thinking that if they're so keen on vindicating intellectual independence they'd be glad to send their delegates to a place where (we are told) it needs help. What have universities to do, in essence, with momentary political absurdities?

Does anyone remember the song by George Canning that began—

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon, that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me in the U-
-niversity of Göttingen.

Myself I'm pleased that my own small college (Haverford) is one of the few who have accepted the invitation. The small colleges don't make nearly so much sanctimonious ballyhoo about liberalism and academic freedom as do the big universities, but sometimes I think they live up to them better.

One of the most interesting catalogues I've seen lately comes from Scribner's bookstore. It lists over 400 works (mostly first editions) illustrating the progress of Science and Thought in the 19th century. A student could scarcely find a more provocative guide-book for speculative reading. I like the quotation it uses as motto:—"The frequent and rapid transition of the mind from one subject to another. It is said booksellers have sometimes become deranged from this cause." —This is quoted from Benjamin Rush, *On the Disease of the Mind*, published in Philadelphia in 1812.

This leads into something that justly solicits the attention of solvent book-lovers. The Library Company of Philadelphia, the oldest literary society and public library in America (founded in 1731 by Benjamin Franklin) is in serious need of more members. Owing to decline in value of its invested funds there has been an operating deficit for the past five years, and the endowment must be increased.

The Library Company, whose collections in early Americana, history, fine arts and general literature are among the most remarkable anywhere, is not merely of importance to Philadelphians. Its scholarly resources and its service of sending books by mail to subscribers have made it useful to students everywhere. Except in the case of current books (published within two years) the subscriber has the privilege of taking out as many as 12 books at a time, for a period of one month. Among its members have been Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, Tom Paine, Lafayette, Talleyrand, William Cobbett, Edgar Allan Poe, Thackeray, Walt Whitman.

Of the Library Company, Owen Wister has written:—

"It was here when Philadelphia was a village thirty-nine years old, before the State House was built, before Washington was born. Benjamin Franklin fathered it, James Logan was its godfather, ten of its members signed the Declaration of Independence, Lafayette made it a present, British soldiers used it. Ninety years later some of its property reappeared, sent from England—Crantz's 'History of Iceland,' two volumes, bor-

Philip B. Wallace

"THE LIBRARY COMPANY," PHILADELPHIA
(Founded in 1731 by Benjamin Franklin)

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rowed by Major Trent during Howe's occupation of the city, which the Major had forgotten to return before he went away."

The Library Company does not ask for charity but needs more subscribing members. The cost of a share is $20, and full information can be had by addressing The Library Company, Philadelphia.

In answer to my question, what do collectors do with their "small wares," Rollo G. Silver (Brockton, Mass.) reports:—

"In almost every library there is a closet and in that closet there is a metal filing case (brought home while instituting A System). The closet is used for catalogues and the filing case used for everything else. When the door of the closet is open, this section is part of the room. When it is closed—all is safe.

"Thus in my file, there are such souvenirs as a page of the Gutenberg Bible, a towel from the Walt Whitman Hotel (Camden, N. J.), an advertisement for Socony gasoline which shows you on the air, a book dealer's boast of a 'beautiful Trollope in parts,' and a few spare tins of tobacco."

Buckingham Palace

(*After You, Mr. Milne*)

They're changing kings at Buckingham Palace—
Christopher Robin went down with Alice.
"The Bachelor King was off his guard
And Cupid hit him terrible hard,"
Says Alice.

They're changing kings at Buckingham Palace—
Christopher Robin went down with Alice.
We looked for Edward, but George Sixth came.
"Oh, well, whatever is in a name?"
Says Alice.

They're changing kings at Buckingham Palace—
Christopher Robin went down with Alice.
"A Coronation is grand, but zounds!
I wouldn't be King for a hundred pounds,"
Says Alice.

ALICE GOULD.

Intellectual Slavery

The Caliph A. Edward Newton, founder of the Trollope Society, has quoted almost everything availably apropos in praise of old Anthony. But I have not noticed whether he has used the closing words of the late Professor Saintsbury's *Trollope Revisited*—

"Commending Trollope, as a first step backwards, to any one who has the praiseworthy desire to free himself from the most degrading of intellectual slaveries—that of the exclusive Present."

This is to be found in Volume 2 of the 3-volume set of Saintsbury's *Collected Essays* (Dutton, 1923), which we have so often mentioned as (next after a subscription to the *S.R.L.*) the ideal graduation handsel for a student of literature.

Uncrowned King

EDWARD VIII. By Hector Bolitho. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1937. $3.

CORONATION COMMENTARY. By Geoffrey Dennis. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

WHEN Edward VIII abdicated, Messrs. Bolitho and Dennis—each of whom had written a book for his coronation—were, one imagines, faced with an extremely nice question. Should they destroy what they had written, and thus lose all? Or should they, by revision or addition, invest the friendly pages intended for their former sovereign with an opposite but more up-to-date significance?

Mr. Bolitho's book, we are told, was all but completed "before the Simpson affair had become public knowledge. After the abdication he was forced to rewrite, revise, and add a great deal of new material to his manuscript." What the biography must have been like before Mr. Bolitho was forced into this revision, it should not be difficult to guess. Biographies of kings, published at the time of their coronation or accession, necessarily have one thing in common. They present their subject as an idol which, being discreetly deprived of feet, seems to float a little insubstantially above the common earth. Mr. Bolitho's revision was a simple matter of putting in the feet: and these, of course, he speedily discovered to have been composed almost exclusively of clay.

Had circumstances been different, his enthusiastic and easy pen would undoubtedly have traced as conventional a portrait of Edward VIII as ever was imprinted on a coronation jug; but now this figure has to share his pages with a less prepossessing personage—"a man of promise who came to disaster through the slow disintegration of his character." There was a Hyde, it seems, as well as a Jekyll in Mr. Bolitho's former sovereign. Jekyll is generous, gentlemanly, energetic: Hyde is an irresolute, parsimonious, frustrated creature with a propensity for sacking old servants. Each character seems to have canceled the other out.

Mr. Geoffrey Dennis, not pretending to that intimacy with royal affairs which a sojourn in the Deanery at Windsor had bestowed upon Mr. Bolitho, found himself with quite a different sort of book on his hands. "Coronation Commentary" is a history of one hundred years of British royalty, tracing those steps by which the Crown lost power and gained prestige; and to this there was appended some very adequate theorizing on what the King Is and what he Does. Unhappily, however, there were two further chapters called "All The Other Edwards" and "Edward VIII." What was Mr. Dennis to do? He steered a bold course and, without changing a word of what he had already written, tacked on another chapter called "Abdication."

Frost & Reed, Ltd.

EDWARD VIII (*Portrait by Lander*)

Of the King's private life he had remarked in a previous chapter, "little remains of it. Leave it to him." But this thoughtful advice did not, of course, apply to an ex-king; and in "Abdication" Mr. Dennis rather let himself go, with the result that his victim instituted a libel suit. Here are a few examples of what Mr. Dennis can do. "His lover's prodigality; his shrill King's rage." "Hours of erratic, or erotic, obstinacy." "He left his land with kingly dignity; he repaired to the welcomer company of rich American Jewesses." "For Queen of England an itinerant shop-soiled twice-divorcee with two ex-husbands living *was not good enough.*" One does not have to be a supporter of monarchy to find this inexpert invective a little difficult to swallow. It is easy to see that Mr. Dennis has assumed, for his last pages, the mantle of Carlyle, a garment more calculated to envelop than to invigorate its wearer. It is more difficult to see why he bothered to write them at all, since the most careful investigation reveals nothing more than facts which we already knew and fancies in which we had already indulged.

What the two books have in common is a certain agility in the transferring of allegiance from Edward to George. Where they differ is upon the one point of interest which the abdication ever raised. Was the King forced off the throne, or was he not? Mr. Bolitho, all discretion, assures us he was not: Mr. Dennis is convinced that he was. Which leaves us just where we started.

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The Detective Spirit in Criticism

BY ELMER EDGAR STOLL

IT is not much of a cause, this of Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, against William Shakespeare, Gent., or as Mr. Barrell would have it, against Shakespeare as Oxford; and it could not be much of a case. All that in his article "Elizabethan Mystery Man" Mr. Barrell has shown is that the Earl enjoyed some reputation as poet and comic dramatist. He gives no reason for Oxford's robbing himself, in his own time or afterwards, of the credit of writing the immortal plays; and the passages cited as proof that he did so have little significance. The rhetorical device in Oxford's poem—

> What plague is greater than the grief of mind?
> The grief of mind that eats in every vein—

and in "The Comedy of Errors"—

> She is so hot because the meat is cold;
> The meat is cold because you come not home—

that device, "tracer" by name, was well known among Elizabethan rhetoricians and widespread in early Elizabethan poetry and drama. Spenser has it in the "Faerie Queene," Kyd in "The Spanish Tragedy." As for the alliterative phrases "firm not fickle," "fawn and flatter," and the words "marvel," "purchase," and "disport," they belong to the ordinary Elizabethan vocabulary or parlance. "Haggard," likewise, a wild or imperfectly trained hawk, as a figure for a wilful person or woman, is not exceptional, and counts for nothing without further verbal similarity. And as for "I am that I am," in the Earl's letter, and also in Sonnet 121, whereby the words of the Lord to Moses are anticipated, Mr. Barrell forgets that there were Bibles in England before King James's in 1611. The words are in the so-called Geneva version, read by Shakespeare. Moreover, even if the above expressions or rhetorical devices were peculiar to Oxford and Shakespeare, that would not prove them as writers one and the same. In face of this impossibility, apparent if from nothing else from the style of the poems which Oxford acknowledged, it would indicate only imitation or coincidence.

A little more of a case for Oxford was made out by Mr. Percy Allen, who has been laboring "almost without respite, day and night, for not less than ten years." The late Mr. Drinkwater, in his admirable little book on "Shakespeare," answered him so happily that I need not add anything of my own; but thereupon the indefatigable Allen penned a "Reply."

Convinced like the other detectives, Oxonian or Baconian, that a man cannot write of matters beyond the range of "his basic experiences," Mr. Allen holds that the plays in question, which deal with high life, foreign life, and (as he thinks) the contemporary affairs of state, must have been written by one directly familiar with these. That must be Oxford, who was. It was a secret, for Edward de Vere was also lord great Chamberlain, the proudest earl in England, and it was a "well-known point of rigid etiquette among Queen Elizabeth's courtiers, that they should not, in general, acknowledge the authorship of literary work." (Much virtue in that "in general," for Oxford, we have noticed, like Buckhurst and Raleigh, acknowledged the poems he really wrote). Throughout the late seventies and eighties, Mr. Allen declares, in defiance of the facts of dramatic and theatrical evolution, the Earl had been drafting plays which under Shakespeare's name began to appear in the nineties. "Impossible," Mr. Drinkwater, referring merely to the hoax, replies, "without the whole of London society knowing all about it." Just so, Mr. Allen rejoins, unperturbed. "The indisputable fact is, that the courtiers and principal writers of Queen Elizabeth's day did know the truth of the whole matter and refer to it many times, though, of course, guardedly, and under disguises not always easy to penetrate." ("Guardedly," much virtue in that word too, a favorite with those who penetrate disguises.) "For the sufficient reasons that some of the persons principally concerned, including Lord Oxford himself, seem to have been under oath of secrecy; and that the whole mysterious business—by far the strangest and most enthralling in the wide range of the world's literary problems—was mortally dangerous, because of its intimate connection with great persons, and great affairs of state, and also with certain sexual intimacies, that seem to have taken place—with a child born, in consequence—about the year 1574, between Elizabeth and Lord Oxford." No wonder the "business" was referred to guardedly, if at all; but it is a wonder that the Earl was paid £1000 a year, out of the secret service fund, for writing the matter up in plays which the rigid rule of etiquette forbade him to acknowledge.

Who were the great persons, what the great affairs? For the Earl the most "mortally dangerous business," one would think, would have been "Venus and Adonis," in which Elizabeth woos "a boyish and reluctant Oxford." From her he would have got something else than money for that. In much the same fashion he would have been rewarded for the "Two Gentlemen," in which he, as Valentine, making love to her as Silvia, hands her over to his friend Proteus, as Alençon. And for her the most mortally dangerous would have been "The Midsummer Night's Dream," in which she and he, as Titania and Oberon, "wrangle for the possession of their son, the little changeling boy, born, probably, about 1574." After that it would not, I fancy, have mattered to her much if in other plays the Earl revealed or exposed himself in the persons of Bertram, Troilus, Leontes, and Hamlet; or his wedded wife in the persons of Helena, Cressida, Hermione, and Ophelia; or his father-in-law Burleigh, in the person of Polonius. It would scarcely have been worth £1000 a year to her, so little inclined to throw money away.

This fiction is (and could be) erected only on the most capricious and irresponsible interpretation of the text, though one not out of keeping with the finding of a cipher there. Context means little or nothing to Mr. Allen, as to most mystery-mongers. The oath of secrecy is referred to by Antigonus, who also is Oxford, when ("Winter's Tale," III. 3) he cries, "Accursed am I to be by oath enjoined to this," which is the exposure of the babe Perdita; and by Mopsa when she

(*Continued on page* 14)

Tell Him

By HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

IF you see Arthur Dannuck before his sun is set,
Tell him the crooked apple-tree is white with blossoms yet,
Tell him his ancient setter lies, dreaming, upon the lawn,
And that the rabbits still come out by Falby's in the dawn.

Tell him the tide comes in at Barck, for he will want to know;
Across the sand the curlews cry, and night falls low;
And like a yellow star at dusk the light on Garrod's Hill
Is lovely in the twilight, and alone at midnight still.

If you see Arthur Dannuck, explain we could not know,
For we are weak and stubborn men, that we should hurt him so,
And tell him we are sorry, and our eyes still try
To see the boy at Falby's Mill who went away to die.

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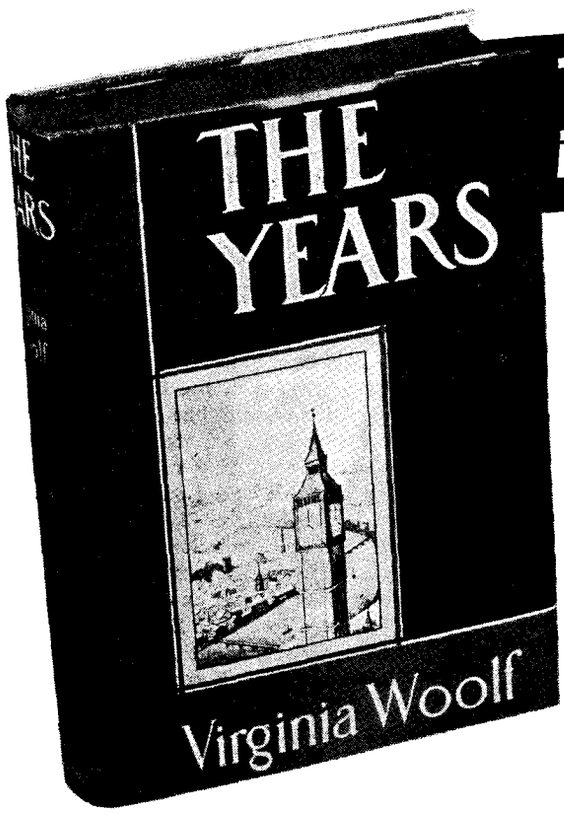

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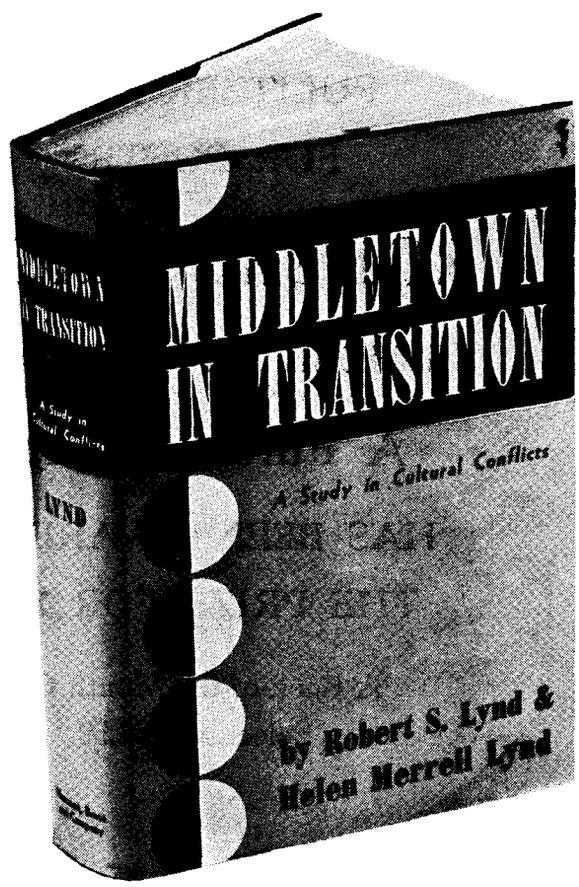

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The Detective Spirit

(*Continued from page 12*)

says to Autolycus (who is Oxford too) as she endeavors to entice the secret out of him:

> It becomes thy *oath* full well;
> Thou to me thy *secrets* tell.

Words for Mr. Allen are enough: the meaning he provides himself. But in "As You Like It," V, 1, he hasn't even the words. William, or Shakespeare, is driven off by Touchstone, or Oxford, from Audrey, who is "the plays":

> All your writers do consent that *ipse* [Vere] is he; now you are not *ipse* for I am he.

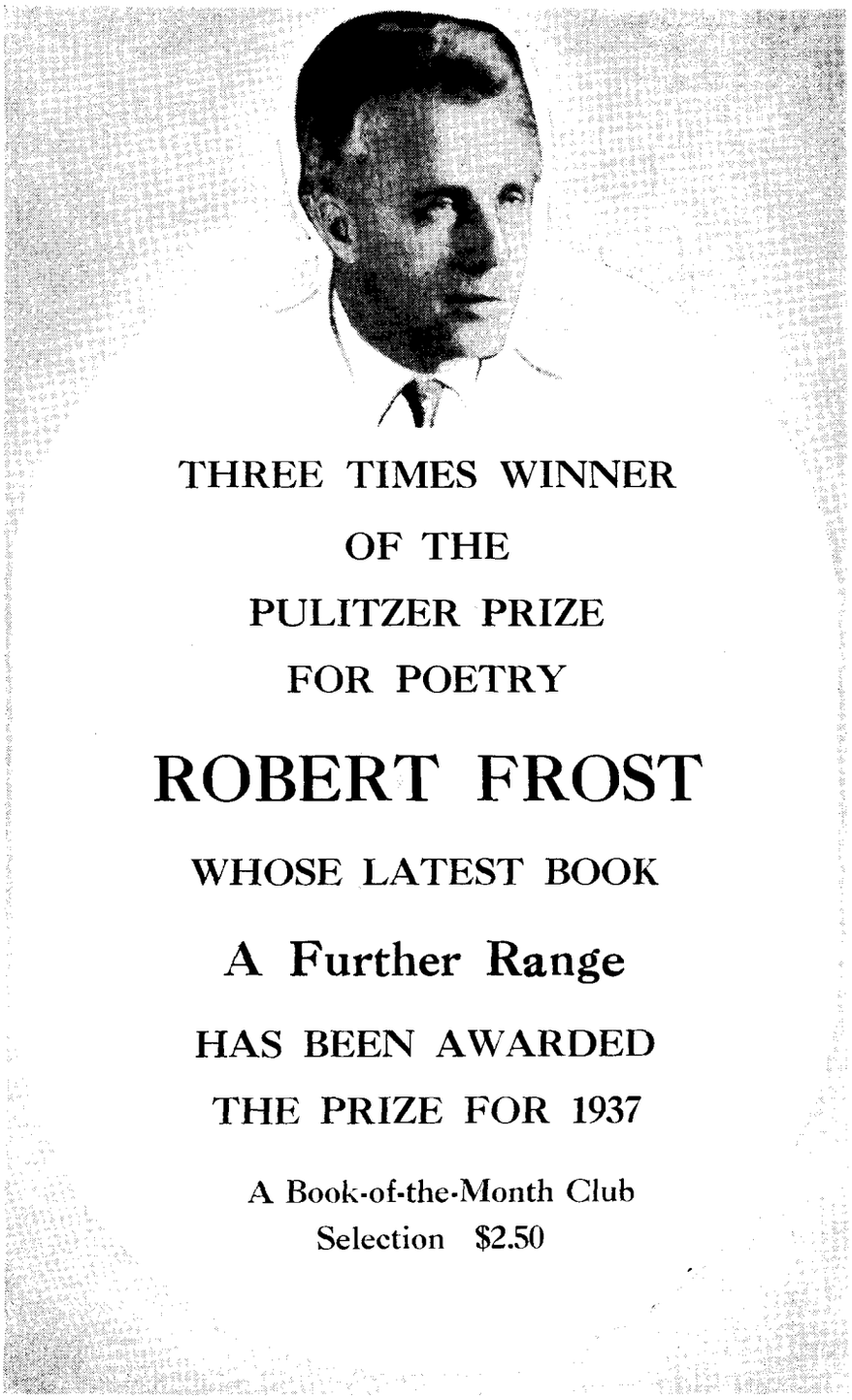
"the cipher word *ipse* spelling *Vere* in three common Elizabethan ciphers." Ordinarily the cipher is less deeply embedded; yet for Mr. Allen "ver" is enough, as in "ever," "never," "dissever," "for ever," despite the fact, noted by Mr. Drinkwater, that it is impossible to make any sustained use of the language without frequent repetition of the syllable. And what a conception of allegory! How can a woman represent anything of the sort? Yet in a moment Perdita is pronounced to be "the lost plays," which the Old Shepherd, who is Shakespeare's father, has found. And if context means little to the detective, style means still less. Since the Earl died in 1604 he must as dramatist, if not as chief character, be replaced. He is, by a group of clever imitators, one or more of whom wrote "Coriolanus"; while for the "Tempest" Mr. Allen falls back upon Bacon, though even as he writes he is convinced by "Capt. Ward's new interpretation that it must have been written by Sir Walter Raleigh." Anybody, it seems, but Shakespeare! Anybody else, for mystery's sake!

Both Mr. Allen and Captain Ward are Englishmen. The Oxonians, however, or the partisans of the Earls of Derby and of Rutland, are but Baconians brought up to date, with more regard for the fact that a present-day substitute for Shakespeare must be not only a poet and playwright but a loose-liver, neither of which the great Chancellor was; and the Baconian heresy, as is well known, was born and bred in our own land of many inventions. Joseph C. Hart, Consul at Santa Cruz, writing about yachting (1848), conceived it; Delia Bacon gave it birth; Ignatius Donnelly, more than any of the others, licked it into shape. But in recent years it has, like other American inventions, been taken up in England, Germany, and even France. Generally it has borne the earmarks of a mania or a hobby. Some, like Mr. Allen and Delia Bacon, have given their lives to it; some, like Mr. Allen's brother, their leisure; but the largest number, made up of retired lawyers, physicians, officers of the army and navy, only their idle years. Women, favored with more of these, have found in it a solace or distraction—Miss Bacon, Mrs. Pott, Mrs. Gallup, Miss Eva Clark. It takes the place of bridge or backgammon. It is an historical or literary crossword puzzle.

Whether as advocates or simple adherents, Baconians and Oxonians alike seem to be guided or supported by two considerations or prejudices: that literature being chiefly a matter of imitation or self-revelation, your writer must have been in society and have seen the world; that poetry being a matter of philosophy, and drama a matter of psychology, your poet or dramatist must be learned and highly educated. But motive counts for more. Baconians and Oxonians alike are prompted and animated by the spirit of detection—delight in working a puzzle, reading a riddle, exposing a hoax, above all, unraveling a mystery of crime or passion. At the last point the superiority of the Oxonian hypothesis to the Baconian is apparent, as well as in satisfying another motive—a romantic or snobbish impatience of the King of Poets' springing from a tradesman's family and enjoying no intimacy with the Queen. The best the Shakespeareans have been able to conjure up is a maid of honor.

Concerning the prejudices I have space only to say that high life, foreign life, and

(*Continued on page 16*)



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The Detective Spirit

(*Continued from page* 14)

great affairs in Shakespeare are not beyond the range of an imagination playing upon what an alert intelligence had gathered from observation in and out of the theatre, from hearsay and reading. There are no studies of court manners or of French, Italian, or Illyrian. There is nothing recognizably Italian about Romeo or Juliet, the Nurse or Mercutio; Desdemona is no more of a Venetian than (except in color) Othello is of a Moor or Negro; and the gentlemen and ladies of Shakespeare, though externally a little less genteel than those of Beaumont and Fletcher, the court poets, are not essentially so. They are Italian, or Moorish, or high-class only according to the ordinary Elizabethan's notions of those qualities, particularly at the theatre—passionate, chivalrous, and romantic, refined and witty; their reality is the vivid and consistent reality of poetry; and for their origin they owe nothing to exceptional experience or learning but much to the tradition of the stage (which Mr. Allen ignores) developed by Lyly, Greene, Marlowe, and the earlier Shakespeare, and now brought to fruition by transcendent genius. Certainly they are not Shakespeare himself—as they are made out to be Oxford—one after the other: by Coleridge, Hazlitt, and other men of genius this has been taken for an authentic token of Shakespeare's transcendence, his being "the least of an egotist that it was possible to be." What philosophy or psychology, moreover, there is in him is only the sort Wordsworth would admit of in poetry, "that knowledge which all men carry about with them." As he and Coleridge, not to mention others, have noted, poetry deals with ideas and objects, employs language and metaphors, that are familiar; and drama, which depends on immediate, emotional, and fairly unanimous response, is under an especial necessity to do so.

Hence the impossibility that the spirit of detection should find legitimate satisfaction in the stage plays bearing the name of Shakespeare except in the last form mentioned—the mystery of crime or passion—and not abundantly there. Shakespeare's plays are not detective stories. As described by Mr. Allen, however, Elizabethan drama is "not the simple, straightforward thing that Mr. Drinkwater supposes it to be; but is, on the contrary, complex, difficult, symbolic, topical, and double-minded to the last degree." In that Mr. Allen finds his satisfaction. The only imaginable way, then, for an audience to find any is themselves to have had no inkling of this complexity; and since for them Elizabethan drama was intended, and of Shakespeare's own writing less than half had got into print before his death, his complexity was—something incredible in an artist—repeatedly thrown away. Less improbably, it is the critic's that is thrown away.

The detective spirit is not peculiar to the Baconian or Oxonian heresy nor indeed to the criticism of Elizabethan drama. It pervades the more sympathetic criticism of highbrow novel and poetry and the writing of recent history: within the year a reputable university professor has revived the ridiculous myth that the British, in Machiavellian subtlety, sank their own *Lusitania.* Ours, certainly, is not the age of good sense; and yet good sense both Wordsworth and Coleridge declare to be "one property of all good poetry." In art or in human conduct nothing now is what it seems, and least of all in Shakespeare. Scholars having no Baconian or Oxonian incentive go in for the complex and difficult, the biographical and topical, the allegorical or symbolical, particularly when "guarded" or "disguised," often as eagerly as if they had one. Despite the known fact that political allusions were frowned upon and punished by the royal government, Elizabeth appears on the stage as Titania and James VI as Bottom, Hamlet, or Prospero; and noblemen besides Oxford, Bacon, Rutland, and Derby, such as Essex, Burleigh, Southampton, and Pembroke, have their innings either on the stage or behind it. Shakespeareans of this description likewise dearly love an earl. For them, too, the redoubtable Burleigh is Polonius. And how the "Tempest" has been allegorized by those who should know better, respectable opinion favoring Miranda as the drama or Ariel as the spirit of poetry pegged in the cloven pine of pre-Shakespearean drama till Shakespeare set it free! Interpretation—it is ingenuity. That is the active principle in the recent study of "Hamlet," by Mr. J. Dover Wilson. To take a single instance, he practically reconstructs the scene of the Murder of Gonzago, and thereupon, contemplating his handiwork, cries out, somewhat in Mr. Allen's vein, "The subtlety of this is masterly in the extreme." The subtlety is extreme enough, but not so masterly because misplaced. Extreme subtlety of method or meaning is incompatible with drama.

What of it? What is the harm? Criticism itself, as a body of thought, falls into confusion, and that is bad enough; sound criticism cannot well be composed or comprehended in the face of what prevails. There are no principles unimpugned, no landmarks standing, no ground common to critic and reader. But the main damage is what detective criticism does to art. It misinterprets what has been written; it misleads those who write. For want of a sound criticism and enlightened public opinion the monstrosities of "metaphysical" ingenuity arose in the seventeenth century: because of an unsound criticism and a bewildered public opinion we have monstrosities of ingenuity and unintelligibility in the "new poetry" and the *art nouveau* today. It is a match of wits between critic and artist. Detectives must have crooks or conjurers to work upon; readers of riddles must have riddle-mak-

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ers, or pretend to have; and we all can point to contemporary poets or novelists, painters or sculptors, that make the pretence unnecessary. Or the Muse as Sphynx growing impatient of her role, she enters into collusion with her Œdipus, who plays official interpreter, as Mr. Stuart Gilbert has done for Mr. James Joyce; or else becomes her own interpreter, in lecture, preface, or appendix. With novel or poem, picture or statue, as with an arithmetic, comes the key.

How different are the ways of true criticism or creation! Exposition or explication at the time the thing of beauty is born, on the part of either critic or artist, is a confession that it is a miscarriage, is an effort to establish the missing emotional contact between artist and public. Criticism is no matter of detection at all but of receiving and responding. If poet or playwright, especially the latter, is so enigmatic and baffling, he baffles also himself. For art is a communication, not to say a communion. The worthies who have spoken of theirs—Milton and Molière, Pope, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Matthew Arnold—have protested that it is a simple and open, an imaginative matter, and in such a spirit is to be approached. The poet or dramatist, when really such, has not been playing a game of cunning; and the critic's business is not to catch him at it. In connection with good art there may be problems to solve; but they are not set in the work of art itself. There may be those of authorship, as in connection with the dubious or anonymous Elizabethan plays or with the Letters of Junius. These, however, do not yield to lawyer's learning. That may do for the external evidence, but not the internal—language and style, context and technique, the intention of the author. The internal matters themselves may involve a problem, preliminary and necessary to interpretation, within the work of art, indeed, but still not one the author has set. The question arises only when the work of art is remote from the present, or when the author's intention has not been completely communicated. What questions are raised are, as in Ibsen or Galsworthy, those not of expression but of content, answered (or left unanswered) by the author himself. But whether he is always master of his medium or not, he and his critic, when in the right relation, are not pitted against each other, posing or "smoking" each other. Like poet and public, dramatist and audience, they are engaged in congenial and exhilarating cooperation; and the critic, in his essential function, is only public or audience in finest form, at highest potency. As such he should have a faculty for analysis and expression, even for sympathetic imaginative re-creation; but to what faculty he has for invention and detection he should not give the rein.

Elmer Edgar Stoll is on the faculty of the University of Minnesota, and is the author of "Shakespeare Studies."

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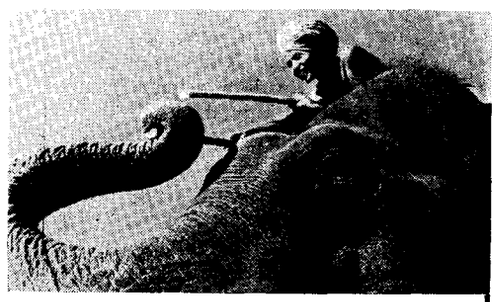

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> "Hurry, hurry and wake up Hugh!" he yelled down the manhole. "The boat is drawing her anchor and the wind has shifted to the nor'-west, but if we can manage to get a rope on shore the anchor should hold her for an hour until the tide ebbs and then that spit of low land should shelter us again. Come along! Hurry up!"

After his father's death Hugheen Ogue became the prop and mainstay of his mother and her brother Shawn. He grew into a great swimmer, fighter, fisherman, and, for a time, poteen smuggler. ("Ha, my men!" a policeman shouted, "running poteen again, I see.") But the best thing any one did was talk.

Maybe this is a true picture of Aran Island life. The author (who helped direct the motion picture, "Man of Aran") should know. But one would have to be a pushover for anything Irish to find it convincing.

C. H. M.

BY DAY AND BY NIGHT. By Johan Bojer. Appleton-Century. 1937. $2.50.

There is special timeliness in this new novel by Johan Bojer. The scene, to be sure, is in Norway and, therefore, removed from the arena of present-day warfare and race for armaments. But the hero is the inventor of a machine-gun which had "made him comfortably well off in the Balkan War and rich in the World War," and his immediate problem is its further development so that "a whole cavalry detachment storming over a plain could be mown down by one gun in one minute."

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The technical problem of the inventor battles with the spiritual problem of a child of God. Here is material well adapted to the artistic hand and exalted soul of Johan Bojer. "By Day and by Night" is a shapely book, well paced and mounting inevitably to its supreme solution—one small shining death machine spitting at thousands of onrushing faces: one individual crisis posed against eternal truth.

A. R.

Miscellaneous

ESSAYS IN MUSICAL ANALYSIS. By Donald Francis Tovey. Oxford. 1936-7. *Four vols.* $4 *each.*

To do full justice to the importance of Mr. Tovey's volumes would require a review too long and too dealed for any but a musical publication. The first two volumes, published here over a year ago, deal with symphonies, orchestral variations, and polyphony; the third and fourth, recently issued, are concerned

(*Continued on page* 22)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE BURNING COURT *John Dickson Carr* (Harpers: $2.)	Body of envenomed oldster vanishes from paved-over crypt, but Gaudin Cross unscrews the inscrutable.	As straight mystery a knockout, with superbly shivery moments. But what a haywire ending!	Tops—at that
THE DEFRAUDED YEGGMAN *Harry Stephen Keeler* (Dutton: $2.)	A safe-blower, a novelist, some hoboes, international plotters, and other horned cattle afloat on a sea of talk.	Extravaganza of strange characters, good ideas gone goofy, bad dialect, and loose ends for promised sequel.	Oh my!
THERE'S TROUBLE BREWING *"Nicholas Blake"* *(in other words, C. Day Lewis)* (Harpers: $2.)	Bad-tempered Brewer boiled to bits in own beer. Nigel Strangeways reconstructs crime, and catches too-clever criminal.	Deep-collared schooner of grisly killings and sardonic sleuthing, slightly befogged by bucolic British atmosphere and suety dialect.	Triple-X

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Art of the Night

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THIS last theatrical season, now rapidly lowering the curtain upon itself, has witnessed the publication of so many new plays that the critic living in somewhat confined quarters and with his bookshelves already overcrowded has had to find room for them under the bed, atop the icebox, in the umbrella stand, and even in the bathroom. In my own case I discover, in addition, that I have been driven to seek space for them behind the busts of Milton, Goethe, and Lillian Russell, in my wine-closet, in the Victrola, and—in the case of the dozen latest arrivals—in my extra laundry bag. But I am not complaining. Very far from it! For this widespread publication of plays is the best sign of the greatly renewed interest in the theatre and the drama that is being shown throughout the country and a welcome sign no less that the more astute publishers have at last awakened to the fact that there is a considerable and profitable reading public interested in forms of literature other than treatises on the esoteric technique of achieving a lot of useless friends and escapist chronicles testifying to the thrillingly beautiful panaceas to be found in any remote locality where there aren't toilet facilities.

To attempt a detailed review of all the published plays that have lately been delivered at my critical laboratory is out of the question, as the space here is quite as restricted as that in the laboratory itself. A bird's-eye view of a few is the best I may offer. Accordingly:

Clare Boothe's "The Women" is a generally skillful and entertaining scrutiny of a parcel of female worms resident in Park Avenue, and has enjoyed an uncommon stage success. In a preface, the author somewhat heavily seeks to absolve herself of a largely imaginary critical charge that she has libeled her sex. This she indignantly denies, and emphasizes her denial by calling her characters even worse names than the critics called them, which latter epithets she lists *in toto*. It is evident, however, that Miss Boothe is considerably more adroit at the business of playwriting than at that of explanation, apology, and extenuation, for she permits her statement of her personal attitude to be suspect when, immediately upon its heels, she qualifies:

> He [an honest misogynist] could show that even history's notably nice women have been notably few. He might even ask you to try naming ten famous women of history famous for their good works, sweet tempers, irreproachable morals, and womanly virtues. And the calendar of the church's virgins and saints once exhausted, you might be hard put to it find *three* for your temporal list.

It is plain, in short, that Miss Boothe, for all her preface, believes that her sex is pretty faithfully represented by her play characters.

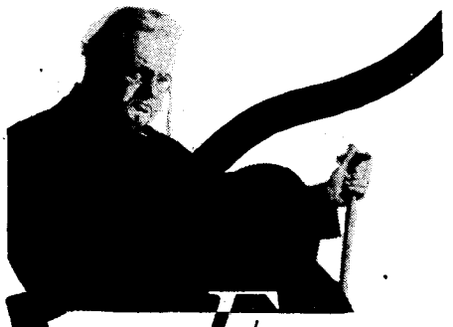
"Brother Rat," by John Monks, Jr., and Fred F. Finklehoffe, is a comedy of undergraduate life at the Virginia Military Institute that suggests Scott Fitzgerald at the writing age of ten. Its humor consists in elaborate pantomimes indicating the lavatory, in the confusions of boys and girls surprised in the act of spooning, in the sudden intrusion of staff officers into students' disarrayed quarters, and in strainfully manufactured curtain lines alluding to the more esoteric items available in drugstores. "Tovarich," adapted from the French of Jacques Deval by Robert E. Sherwood, is a nimbly contrived popular comedy on the antiquated theme of nobility reduced by circumstances to the rank of servants. But despite the thrice-familiar basic materials it manages a warmth, humanness, and polished humor which in combination contribute to it a superficial and very pleasant air of freshness.

In "Having Wonderful Time," Arthur Kober again discloses his acute ear for the capturing of the phrasings and inflections of Bronx Jews. As a playwright, he has not yet succeeded in avoiding in the theatre that monotony which is less felt in the library, and his comedy as a consequence is one of ups and downs. Nevertheless it enjoys several scenes that happily unite a gentleness and understanding with broad humor and it provides fairly good diversion.

Moss Hart's and George S. Kaufman's stage success, "You Can't Take It With You," is superior fooling that has to do with a family of mad-hatters and that embroiders its fooling with some rather sensible little silks. The central design is hardly so original as it has here and there been made out to be. The loony household idea has already been employed in at least a half dozen plays, from "March Hares" to "Star Spangled" and from "The Constant Nymph" to "Three-Cornered Moon." But the authors have none the less fabricated out of it something thoroughly amusing and at the same time something winningly tender.

Paul Green's "Johnny Johnson," which found several members of the Drama Critics' Circle sponsoring it for the critics' annual award, is an anti-war fantasy that in several scenes achieves everything the author had in mind but that in others is on the juvenile and hackneyed side. On the whole, however, it is an experiment not without its critical justification and, though it reads much less well than it plays, it may be set down as one of the worthier dramatic attempts of the year. "Aged 26," by Anne Crawford Flexner, is a play about John Keats. In a foreword, the author makes grateful acknowledgment to various professors, members of the clergy, and librarians for help in the way of research, and her play indicates conclusively the diligence of that research. But research and drama are unfortunately not always one and the same thing, and the result is a play that never makes up its mind whether it is in a theatre or in a library.

This is the last appearance of Mr. Nathan's department for the current theatrical season.



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The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IN its series of volumes from the proceedings of the British Academy, the Oxford University Press has brought out *Walter de la Mare's* "Poetry in Prose," his delightful Warton Lecture which belies the gravity of its auspices. It was read before the British Academy on the seventeenth of July 1935.

Any endeavor "to use words well" entails attention to the arrangement of verbal sounds, and the poet points out that perfected prose and perfected verse alike depend "on their word-sounds for a virtual part of any pleasure they bestow." He goes on to speak of the *meaning* of words, and to quote from *Andrew Bradley* this:

> People say, for instance, "steed" and "horse" have the same meanings, and in bad poetry they have, but not in poetry that *is* poetry.
>
> *"Bring forth the horse!" The horse was brought:*
> *In truth he was a noble steed!*

says Byron in "Mazeppa." If the two words mean the same here, transpose them:

> *"Bring forth the steed!" The steed was brought:*
> *In truth he was a noble horse!*

I like too the paraphrase of Hamlet's "To be or not to be," "What is just now occupying my attention is the comparative disadvantages of continuing to live or putting an end to myself." People who don't like poetry are simply, when you come right down to it, people who can't distinguish between the merit of Hamlet's speech as language and the merit of such a paraphrase.

Mr. de la Mare discusses the elements entering into all kinds of prose. He shows how metaphor "densely throngs our daily speech." (Note, by the way, those two words "densely throng," and how they mark the precise language of the true poet in Mr. de la Mare!) and of how "not only 'prose', but ordinary speech, is rhythmic." It is when he begins to detect verse in common conversation and the daily paper that he becomes most amusing. This is American:

> *Breaker and Farmer of Hard Western Soil;*
> *Cash Plus Toil Makes Steel*

This is blank verse from daily speech:

> *Now mind, I won't have any nonsense, Miss;*
> *I shall be late, my dear, so don't sit up, etc. etc. etc.*

And when de la Mare noted that the first paragraph in "John Inglesant" began

> *My friend, whose name was Fisher, in the lovely summer weather—*

it immediately tempted him to add

> *Caught a salmon in the Isher*
> *With a fly made of a feather*

He also remarks how *Shorthouse* himself drops into rhyme,

> *In my last long vacation*
> *I accepted his invitation.*

But I really like best this fine line of poetry from a short story by *Somerset Maugham*:

> *Dark dark was the lane outside—and the night an obsidian net.*

I haven't space here to go into all Mr. de la Mare's other points of discussion. I have barely indicated the things he touches upon most lightly. I heartily recommend the book, however.

I *can't* heartily recommend "The Ascent of F 6," by *W. H. Auden* and *Christopher Isherwood*, though these are the same young Englishmen who wrote "The Dog Beneath the Skin or Where is Francis?" (which is certainly one title of a book I shall never forget!) Auden's a good poet—though he is being taken very heavily and superseriously. He is also a very faulty poet. He reminds me of what *Maurice McLaughlin* used to be in American tennis. McLaughlin had a very badly-balanced game—but in the days of his cannon-ball service and pantherlike overhead work he could flash into miracle. It has, I think, been pointed out that the trouble with Auden and Isherwood as satiric dramatists is that they don't know how to write for the stage in the sense that *Noel Coward, George S. Kaufman*, and others know how to write for it. This may evoke the steep-domed sneer, but the fact remains that there is a necessary craft of the theatre, and that this craft is far from evident in the present play, which concerns itself with the colonial rivalry of two great powers in competition to conquer a symbolic peak. I really liked best in the play the comic relief of *Mr. and Mrs. A.*, who do their acting in one of the boxes, talk in singsong, and represent two of the futile serfs of capitalism. After all, Mr. A. puts the whole thing in a nutshell in his last word to the following simple colloquy:

> MR. A. *England's honour is covered with rust.*
> MRS. A. *Ransom must beat them! He must! He must!*
> MR. A. *Or England falls. She has had her hour*
> *And now must decline to a second-class power.*
> (Puts on his bowler hat and exits, brandishing his newspaper. The STAGE-BOX is darkened.)

So is the reader's understanding of poetry. But that quite aside—the trenchant satire of the above in such utterly plausible and subtle language has got them all rolling in the aisles!

When either Mr. Spender or Mr. Day Lewis once uttered the perfervid cry, "Wing-room for Wystan!" (which is Mr. Auden's first name) was this the far Pacific that they saw?

I have neglected the more potent passages of this drama—but by Golly, even the Chorus is infected with the higher vaudeville. "The Ascent of F 6" is to me merely a curiosity of literature.

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About Gutenberg

THE 500th ANNIVERSARY OF THE INVENTION OF PRINTING. By Otto W. Fuhrmann. New York: Duschnes. 1937. $2.

A STATEMENT in the announcement of this book was alarming—that the 42-line Bible "was a mere by-product" of Gutenberg's activity—and the whole tenor of the prospectus was to suggest new and startling revelations about the first printer. If these sensational disclosures prove to be largely advertising, yet this new résumé of the facts known about the invention of printing from movable types in Europe is well worth while. It represents the newer orientation in writing of printing history, by which endeavor is made to place the printers and what they did in relation to their times, instead of setting up little airtight boxes, each with a printer inside.

In the case of Mr. Fuhrmann, his book places Gutenberg as a member of a well-to-do and well established patrician family in the Rhine Valley, familiar (through family control of the Mainz mint) with metal casting and the preparation of dies and moulds. Over a period of some twenty years experiments went on in the casting of type, with heavy expenditures (and equally heavy money borrowing), until the movable two-part steel type mould emerges as Gutenberg's real invention. This was all asserted by DeVinne in 1876, who in turn got much of his information from Van der Linde; but nowhere, I believe, has the matter been so succinctly stated, and the most recent evidence checked, as in this small book. Mr. Fuhrmann's theory that the "Psalter" and other service books were the main intent of Gutenberg and his partners, as offering a profitable adventure in the market, and that the Bible of 42-lines was a "filler" to secure ready cash for the backer, Fust, is ingenious and can be made to fit the facts without too much difficulty. Incidentally it helps a little to explain the perfection of the Psalter of 1457, as the twenty years of experimentation, with their possible output of ephemeral pieces of printing, make the great Bible more plausible.

The writers on printing have too long associated the earliest printing with the scribe and the woodcutter. The woodcutter, working with a knife on wood, and the scribe, with his quill and liquid ink, are not directly in the line of descent to the printer, save that the latter did adopt the letter forms of the scribe for the type face which he used. The connection between the wood block and the printed page has long ago been proved untenable: we now come to a clearer realization that the earliest printers were dealing with cast metal types, very stiff ink, and a rugged press, as *mechanics*, craftsmen in the fabrication of metals, producing a result quite different from the written book. Mr. Fuhrmann, in stripping from Gutenberg's face the venerable beard with which Thorwaldsen adorned his statue at Mainz, has uncovered a great truth—that the history of printing begins not with scribe or painter, nor was it motivated by sentimental dreams. It was invented by a skillful mechanic, who, if not himself eager for the monetary gain of the venture, was financed by those who were. He of course was indebted to the scribe for his letter forms and his parchment and the form of the book; he himself was what he is today, half a mechanic and craftsman, half a limner and colorist.

Several illustrations accompany the text, one of them being Mr. Fuhrmann's interesting hypothetical portrait of Gutenberg. The book has been printed by the Walpole Printing Office, and belongs in any good library of books on printing.

PUSHKIN: EUGENE ONEGIN. Translated by Dorothea P. Radin and G. Z. Patrick. University of California Press. 1937.

Believers in "functionalism" may find in this book a quality difficult to impart to books except in the printing of poetry. In the case of "Eugene Onegin," the poem is so written that the page accommodates two fourteen line stanzas, with only eight syllables to the line. So a long, narrow page, easy to handle and easy to read, is the result.

SOUTH AFTER GETTYSBURG. By Cornelia Hancock. University of Pennsylvania Press. 1937.

Cornelia Hancock was a very much alive young woman who determined to leave her home in south Jersey and go to the wars as a nurse. Her letters, here collected, are as sprightly as can be, as fresh as if written today. The book will fascinate those who still find the Civil War story interesting; and they will be intrigued anew by the Brady photographs of the Civil War, some of which are reproduced here.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 162)

MR. BOSWELL TO DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

As for myself I am ashamed to say I have read little and thought little on the subject of America. . . . But nations, or bodies of men, should, as well as individuals, have a fair trial, and not be condemned on character alone.

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The New Books

(*Continued from page 18*)

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G. S.

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Double-Crostics: No. 163

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

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15-G		16-M	17-A	18-C		19-H	20-R	21-M	22-D	23-A		24-D	25-Q		26-O	27-J
28-F	29-C	30-D		31-C	32-B		33-Q	34-J	35-A		36-B	37-M		38-K	39-N	40-R
41-M	42-U		43-Q	44-I	45-B	46-E	47-G	48-M	49-D	50-A	51-L		52-D	53-A	54-G	55-N
	56-C		57-R	58-L	59-S	60-H	61-G	62-O	63-T	64-F		65-S	66-N	67-T	68-M	
69-S	70-G	71-T	72-C		73-O	74-P	75-F	76-H	77-V	78-A		79-M	80-S	81-B		82-D
83-J	84-R	85-V	86-T	87-Q		88-I	89-U	90-S	91-B	92-G	93-C	94-V		95-J	96-Q	
97-C	98-K	99-L	100-P	101-E		102-U	103-N	104-P	105-E	106-H		107-S	108-M	109-C	110-T	111-U
	112-E	113-V	114-N	115-B	116-A		117-H	118-K		119-U	120-J	121-M	122-Q		123-B	124-A
	125-R	126-E	127-U	128-T	129-O		130-K	131-C	132-N		133-P	134-O	135-T	136-K		137-P
138-H	139-U	140-L	141-J	142-E		143-A	144-G	145-K		146-V	147-P	148-F	149-H	150-S	151-K	152-O
	153-F	154-K	155-R	156-Q	157-N	158-C	159-B	160-J		161-O	162-P	163-R	164-H	165-C	166-N	
167-C	168-D	169-K		170-G	171-U	172-P										

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-two words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's International Dictionary.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 21 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. A confusion, as of words in a sentence.

B. To slight, despise.

C. Blustering, noisy fellow (slang).

D. Arrangement of troops in parallel units.

E. At or in no place.

F. Corrects.

G. Stocky.

H. Surname of English royal house adopted in 1450.

I. Practical units of electrical resistance.

J. Fugitive.

K. That on which something is stretched or strained.

L. A roundup.

M. Character in "Ivanhoe."

N. Wanting attractiveness (comp.).

O. Heavy blows.

P. Developed beyond the need of.

Q. Snaps with the finger.

R. Ungainly.

S. English philosopher and jurist (1748-1833).

T. Hero of Molière's "Le Misanthrope."

U. Confused.

V. Gapes (slang).

WORDS

78 35 124 50 17 143 23 53 116

91 123 115 36 45 32 159 81

97 93 56 167 31 131 165 29 109 158 72 18

22 82 168 30 52 24 49

101 46 112 105 4 126 142

3 148 75 28 64 153

47 70 92 61 54 170 144 15

5 8 13 60 117 164 19 149 138 76 106

7 88 44 1

83 95 141 120 160 34 9 27

154 169 38 145 10 98 130 118 151 136

58 99 11 51 140

79 21 68 41 121 14 16 108 37 48

103 2 114 12 39 157 66 132 55 166

161 62 152 134 73 129 26

147 137 133 104 74 162 100 172

25 156 33 122 43 96 87

20 125 40 163 84 155 57

107 59 80 69 150 90 65

71 86 128 63 135 67 110

6 127 119 171 42 111 102 89 139

94 113 85 77 146

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE A. B. A. Convention begins Sunday, May 9, with two parties: Doubleday's garden party in the afternoon at Garden City, and Derrydale's tenth anniversary celebration in the evening on the Pennsylvania Roof. Monday morning Dr. Crichton Clarke, counsel for the A. B. A., will speak on fair trade developments. Monday afternoon and Tuesday morning will be business sessions; Dale Carnegie will speak at the Tuesday lunch; Tuesday afternoon brings the annual meeting and election of officers. Carl Carmer will be toastmaster at the Tuesday evening banquet, at which Sholem Asch, Dean Alfange and Rockwell Kent will speak. Keynote and motto of the Convention is "Selling More Books Under the Fair Trade Methods of Competition."

☞The publishers' contract committee of the N.A.B.P. has released to individual publishing houses a form of fair trade agreement, drawn up with the advice of Morris Ernst. The contract was sent both to members and non-members of the Association. It provides for periods of resale price maintenance to apply on fall books through the following spring season, on spring books through the following fall season, with continuation at the publisher's discretion. Exceptions are included in the agreement in regard to sales of books to libraries and certain other institutions not buying books for resale; and the operations of book clubs are left unrestricted.

☞A temporary injunction was granted by Judge Sheintag of the New York Supreme Court in Farrar & Rinehart's suit for alleged breach of contract against the Literary Guild (*Trade Winds*, April 3). The decision restrains the Guild from selling the three F. & R. publications mentioned in the suit, except to actual subscribers of the Guild. The date for trial on the suit has been set for May 10.

☞C. A. Stonehill, Jr., London bookseller, quotes in his latest catalogue a line from one of Colonel Lawrence's letters:—"The idiocy of collectors. They would rather treasure a washing bill of Thomas Hardy's than read his *Dynasts*." ☞Alan Villiers, author of *The Cruise of the "Conrad"* and other fine books of the sea, was guest of honor at a luncheon at the Seamen's Church Institute last week. While in Tasmania during his recent round-the-world cruise, Captain Villiers was given a cabin-port from the captain's quarters of Joseph Conrad's famous command, the *Otago*—which now lies, an abandoned coal-hulk, up a Tasmanian river. Villiers has very generously offered to give this to the Conrad Memorial Library at the Seamen's Institute. ☞Henry Holt and Company tell us that Arnold Dresden's *Invitation to Mathematics* (which we were asking about last week) was published by them last autumn. ☞Miss Helen T. Fay, manager of the State College Co-op Bookshop at Albany since its beginning in 1920, and universally known among the college bookstores, has joined the staff of Holiday House on a roving commission. She will exhibit and speak on Holiday House juveniles in schools and libraries and also call on the Trade.

☞Old Q., always curious about distribution, was asking Max Schuster whether his house's experience with the Bates Bible showed that there was still a "Bible Belt." The ancient Bible Belt, as one might guess, is where any variation from tradition would be least acceptable. S. & S. report that 80% of the sales of Dr. Bates's *Bible as Living Literature* has been in the large cities of the East. West of the Alleghanies and in the Deep South sales have been "only fair." ☞Frank Rosengren, bookseller in San Antonio, Texas, says he is amazed at the number of letters brought in by his list "The Gentleman's Library of Companionable Books." Among his suggestions of "books that fit the quiet mood, reflect peace, contentment and friendly humor" he mentions Alexander Smith: *Dreamthorp;* Thoreau: *Walden;* Mrs. Gaskell: *Cranford;* Lamb: *Essays of Elia;* Walton: *Compleat Angler.* ☞These are familiar choices: we suggest he add, as one of the most tranquillizing modern books, A. C. Benson's *From a College Window.*

"The Scottish GONE WITH THE WIND"
—F. Britten Austin

"IN my opinion, this profoundly intimate and poignant story of King James I, against the tragic background of Mary, Queen of Scots—quite equals the American epic in absolutely accurate history, subtle character-drawing and straightforward directness of exciting narrative. It is an enthralling novel. A masterpiece," writes that eminent British novelist and historian.

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Toronto · **J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY** · *Philadelphia*

MINE IS THE KINGDOM

A Romance of James I by **JANE OLIVER**

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